

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
Tis well *Lavinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath marterd thee?

Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deepe?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:

For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath marterd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

of Titus Andronicus

When I did name her brothers, t
Stood on her cheekes, as doth th
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost wi

Marc. Perchance she weepes
Perchance because she knowes h

Titus. If they did kill thy husb
Because the law hath tane reueng
No, no, they would nor doe so fo
Witnes the sorrow that their sist
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy li

Or make some signe how I may d
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy b
And thou and I sit round about f
Looking all downewards to beh
How they are staid in meadow
With miery slime left on them b
And in the Fountaine shall we g

Till the fresh taste be taken from t
And made a brine pit with our bi
Or shall we cut away our hands
Or shall we bite our tongues, and
Passe the remainder of our hatef
What shall we doe? let vs that ha
Plot some deuise offurther mis
To make vs wondred at in time

Luci. Sweet father cease your t
See how my wretched sister sob

Mart. Patience deere Nee ce, g

Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, B
Thy napkin cannot drinke a tear

For thou poore man hast drown
Luci. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wip

Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I v
Had she a tongue to speake, nov